

White Cloud Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

VOLUME V.—NUMBER 20.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1861.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
WHOLE NUMBER, 228.

Choice Poetry.

THE WAR.

Porter takes and in stage will all
No bloody shows in after time
It was a time of glory, if you will,
But in its consequences how sublime!
The first hour of the contest sent a thrill
Not through the North alone, for every clime
When Liberty is given, struck with deep sympathy,
Men for to-day, and for the future to come.

The richest soil for every seed that sows
Unto his neighbor's house, alarms a foe
And they who watch the smoking pipes, admit
Their brilliant plan, but dread their coming day.
So now all nations Europe show desire
That War should smother away his angry fire;
For having summer spread wide devastation,
Who knows how far we may sweep the configuration!

The call to arms is answered, no more before,
In the world's history, answered with such will.
From the Pacific to the Atlantic shore,
From Oregon to Maine, the cry is, "Kill
The enemy!" Position, battle, and death,
They have to battle, innocent of death
And discipline; but there is the just cause,
And men resolve to vindicate their laws.

Their country's best interest to death of glory,
In present dangers none the arm of evil,
Of Southern treason the shameful story,
With sorrow and dismay the great North filling.
Forbidden a coming conflict, dire and grim,
Ere now his weeping country feels a thrilling
Honor or dishonor, death, which kills the fire
Of passion burns to a relentless fire.

When war is kindled, every blow adds fuel
Unto the flames of vengeance, as the light
Alone from heaven, and in every eye
Engages him that suffers; his right,
A cruel Nemesis should find the cruel;
And they who show no mercy in their might,
Can not expect it in their hour of need—
Swift on his course does Retribution speed.

FREEMONT'S RECALL.

Come home! come home! thy bleeding country calls thee,
And twenty million voices swell the cry;
Thy place is in the vanquished of the army,
Thine of the insolent and eagle eye.
O winds of heaven, and his wither'd limbs;
O prayers attend him, and his blessings find—
Our leaders through these black and awful gorges,
Unto the gulley land of Peace, beyond!

Come home! come home! the burden of the nation,
Thou heavy, weighty upon our age;
Come, with thy dauntless heart, and manly bearing,
Work out his plans, and spare his honored name.
Son of the South! among the faithful, faithful,
First hour and last, on every side the first;
Come home! a nation's passionate words wait thee,
The great heart of the nation yearns for thee!

Select Tale.

THE MANIC SPY.

BY LIEUTENANT M'CARTEY.

The old-fashioned city of Baltimore has long been distinguished for two things. Three or four monuments of no great size, have caused it to be dignified by the title of "The Monumental City," and the large number of living statues—fine women, "ripe and real"—have made it justly renowned for female beauty. In no city have we ever seen so large a number of beautiful women as are accustomed to promenade along Broadway Street, the Broadway of that capacious metropolis. One of the most beautiful of her beautiful women, a few short months ago, was Adelaide Thornton, the only daughter of a merchant there. She was about twenty, a brunette, faultless in figure, and her impressive style to her face, was strong for the Union, and often in conversation rebuked those who uttered disloyal sentiments. Few male eccentrics ventured more than once to sneer at the haloed flag of our country in her presence. In look and tone, her noble mien for their baseness was plainly eloquent to them.

With hundreds of admirers, she had two lovers, who hated each other as much they loved her. William Athwell, a resolute Unionist, and Arnold Wrothly, quite as determined in his rebellious prejudices. For a while it seemed a problem which she would ultimately prefer, for either she showed no especial partiality for either. But when the audacious treason of the South found voice in the cowardly reduction of Fort Sumter, Adelaide's noble spirit made it speedily evident that her aversion for all secessionists was unquenchable; and one evening at a party she openly praised young Athwell for his patriotic defense of the course of the General Government, although the rebel element prevailed in the assembly.

Her words of praise to Athwell, stung Arnold Wrothly to the quick. He felt that his case was desperate, his hatred of the North having long since been bitterly avowed.

"I am astonished, Adelaide," said he, with agitation, "that you, a Maryland girl, should side with the Black Republican, who are such open enemies of all the Slave States, especially now that the war has begun."

"And I am astonished," replied she, "that you, or any young man, can hear of an assault upon the flag of your country, without feelings of indignation. Our ancestors were not so unprincipled."

Wrothly's face wore a seeming smile. The rebuke was uttered in the presence of his successful rival. He glanced at Athwell significantly, as he answered:

"Ah! No doubt you have private reasons—personal ones—to influence your opinions, Adelaide. For me, I am a true Southerner, and I pity and defend all men who, Southern born, carry solid Northern hearts in their bosoms. The city will soon be too hot to hold them."

"You speak warmly, Wrothly," said Athwell, in a calm, steady voice. "Baltimore has not yet turned wholly traitor."

"Traitor!" repeated Wrothly, with a scowl. "She would be as traitorous as you are, if she forewent the great principle of State supremacy. O, don't frown. You are welcome to your triumph, Athwell. But mark me—it will be short lived."

"Short lived? What does he mean by that? Never mind, he is beside himself with passion."

The marriage eve of William and Adelaide had been assigned, the time being no other than the 19th of April—the date which hallowed the names of Lexington and Concord, and which will forever be remembered as the abiding disgrace of the city of Baltimore.

The two betrothed, not imagining it possible that their fellow citizens could be so lost to nearly feelings as to assault or even insult the patriotic troops who were hastening to the defense of Washington, strolled down to the depot to witness the arrival of the cars.

In the amazing and atrocious melee that followed, Arnold Wrothly took an energetic part. In the midst of the confusion he happened to spy Adelaide leaning in terror on the arm of his rival.

"There is that devil!" muttered he. "My chance is good. Now or never."

While random shots were being fired, he leveled his revolver and discharged two shots at Athwell, who fell mortally wounded.

The quick eyes of Adelaide saw who fired the fatal missile, and, overcome with grief and horror, she fell senseless into the arms of the bystanders.

They were conveyed to their homes at once. Athwell died during the day, and the name of his betrothed was the last sound that escaped his lips. Thus it was ordered by Providence that death should be his bride, though a lover might wish that embrace should be given in any other presence than that of his betrothed, and a patriot might die by any hand save that of an assassin.

But a sadder house of mourning than that in which he lay, was the residence of Mr. Thornton.

The beautiful Adelaide, restored to consciousness, recalled the horrible scene in which her lover fell, and wildly she raved about Wrothly, of the murderous tumult, and the woes which were to come upon the land.

Her parents and friends listened in awe and tears, as they lamented her bereavement and distracted condition, and heard her prophesy, Cassandra-like, the evils invoked and sure to come.

"I shall not be the only one to mourn the ruin of the country. O, no, no, no! Thousands of once happy hearts will be broken as mine is, in the loss of those they loved the best, suddenly. O, how horribly taken away from them forever! Dear God! what have I done to deserve this? Oh, William, dear, brave, faithful William! gone, gone, now! How can I bear this? Father, mother, let me go to him—I must—once, only once more, before they lay him in the grave. Get a carriage, quick! I shall go distracted if you refuse me!"

They were forced, with fearful hearts, to consent to her impetuous entreaties. She did see him once more, in the ghastly array of the grave, and their misgivings were verified.

After a long and silent interview over the corpse, during which she repeatedly kissed his purple lips, she put out her hands listlessly for her parents to take, and glanced, without a word, from one to the other.

It was a terrible look to them. There was madness in it. They saw that she was crazed.

She gave one convulsive sob, as if her soul made a desperate struggle to escape; she was then led away as passive as an infant.

On her return home, however, she raved so violently that it was found necessary to send her to the lunatic hospital.

Athwell was buried in the family tomb, in Green Mount Cemetery, no reliable evidence as to the real murderer being obtained, and it was supposed that he died by a chance shot.

The excitement which followed the riot caused hundreds to take up arms against their country. Among these—whether from fear of arrest, or disloyalty to the North—was Arnold Wrothly, who hastened to Richmond, and obtained a lieutenant's commission.

Within a week, Adelaide, who had seemingly improved, contrived to effect her escape from the asylum and returned home, where, during the few hours she remained, she was considered quite sane, and conversed with tolerable calmness upon the melancholy event. Wrothly had gone to Richmond, she was told.

Left unattended for a few moments, suddenly she was missed. Toward evening the city was searched for her in vain, and her distracted parents, who had even feared Green Mount to be haunted through thinking it possible the body of Athwell, now began to fear that she had committed suicide by drowning.

Arnold Wrothly sat alone in his tent, with such a gloom upon his youthful brow, and such a haggard look in his face, that those who knew him a few months before would hardly have recognized him as a first lieutenant.

"He had committed suicide," said one of his friends. "He had drowned himself."

For he had tried to persuade himself that

Miscellaneous.

KANSAS.

One by one the stars are fading,
Fading from our country's sky;
Day by day the Southern banner
Moors in hissing smoke and fire.
How by their mists are passing
The bright and glorious days of old;
Falls the sun from the clouded sky,
Who shall doubt his long day?

Tremblingly our glorious banner,
Hanging where it long has hung,
Waits for Freedom's gales to waft it
Over our happy country's land.
Yet said these with contentment
It has cradled our life,
Gleams a star on your horizon,
Born 'mid those that read the earth.

Though a cloud has withered her brightness,
Though with tears her eyes are dim,
Kansas comes with waving banners,
Chanting Freedom's glorious hymn.
Come to claim her blood-bought rights,
Purchased by the good and brave;
Come 'mid reason, war, and famine,
Come our Stars and Stripes to save.

Believing stars, say these springing
In our country's darkest day,
Be to a joyful tune,
Be of peace the angry cry.

Peace brought by tyrant's might,
Peace bought by tyrant's might,
Peace bought by tyrant's might,
Peace bought by tyrant's might.

Welcome, then, thrice welcome, Kansas,
To our hearts and throats and eyes;
Welcome to our gathered brethren,
We have loved and loved thee since.

Yet a glorious future waits thee,
Yet undimmed shall be thy eye;
Thou hast won in tears and sorrow,
Surely thou shalt reap in joy.

OUR FLAG AT HAMPTON.

Oh, to have stood on the ramparts,
Oh, to have seen its stars—
The dear old banner floating
Over its own, once more!
Oh, to have heard the cheering
That greeted our flag rise
Up to its golden ensign,
Under the Southern skies!

Not in the last of conquest,
Not in the greed of gain,
Cometh the stern penalty
Unto its own aging
But promise of peace and pardon
Back to the striding lion,
And thenceforth a champion
Forth to his sheltering fold.

Burning of the Village of Hampton—Interesting Reminiscences.

The subjoined reminiscences are from the Richmond Examiner, and were published just after the recent burning of Hampton by the rebel troops:

This is the second time in its history that it has been fired by the enemy. In the war of the first Revolution, the English squadron, annoyed by the gallant exploits of two young officers, Samuel and James Daron, attacked Hampton and put the most of it in flames; not, however, without encountering a most gallant resistance from the Hamptonians, supported by the celebrated Culpepper Minute Men; the united force under command of Col. Woodford, who subsequently fell in one of the battles of the Revolution.

No spot in Virginia is invested with more thrilling romance and its historic interest than Hampton and its immediate vicinity. It was visited in 1607 by Capt. John Smith, then an Indian town called Kecoughtan. Here Smith and his party were regaled with corn cakes, and exchanged for them trinkets and beads. The locality was settled from Jamestown in 1610, and was incorporated a century afterward as the town of "Ye Shire of Elizabeth City."

The Episcopal Church, an ancient pile made of imported brick, is the oldest building in the village, and probably, from its isolated location, may have escaped the last conflagration. It is the second oldest church in the State, and is surrounded by a cemetery filled with countless "marble marks of the dead."

Scattered through it may be found, at intervals, stones with armorial quarters, designating the resting place of honored ancestry. Some of these are very old dating, in several instances, back into the seventeenth century. Here repose the earthly remains of many a cavalier and gentleman, whose names are borne by numerous families all over the Southern States.

One of the traditions connected with this place is, that the venerable sleeper was, prior to the Revolution, surrounded with the rural comfort of George III., but that on the 4th of July 1776, a thunder-bolt blew up, and lighting rent the steeples and dashed the insignia of royalty to the earth.

The village of Hampton is beautifully situated on an arm of the sea, setting in from the adjacent mainland which bears its name, and is celebrated for its health and facilities for fine living.

The late census showed that the aggregate white and black population was nearly two thousand, who pursued nearly all the common or general pursuits of a town of that size. Some of the residences were of brick, and erected at a heavy cost, belonging to opulent farmers and tradesmen; besides they had large gardens, out-houses, and other valuable improvements, all of which are destroyed.

The discharge of duty, at this time, involves the discharge of cannon, rifles and muskets.—Louisville Courier.

Precedents for Our Short Comings in Campaigning.

When the public read reports of mismanagement in different departments of the army administration, it is apt to forget that such abuses happen at the commencement of all wars, and more especially when, as in our case, a nation has enjoyed a long period of peace in which it has become essentially unwarlike. It is not only in this country and at this time that speculators have been found furnishing food and clothing unfit for use, or that armies have suffered by the incompetency of those necessarily inexperienced men to whom the thousand intricate details of its management and provision must be entrusted.

At the commencement of the late Italian war, though France had just settled down from the Crimean battles, and the experiences of that dreadful campaign were fresh upon the government, and the complaints of the army were loud and continued; and Parisian gossipers related stories of fortunes made by the infamous speculators at the expense of the health, comfort and serviceableness of the French troops, beside which the worst that is reported in our journals seems decent. All the world must remember the incredible tales of swindling in food, in clothes, in medicines, in every detail of the army commissariat, and substance department, with which the London Times shocked not only England, but lookers-on everywhere, several months after the commencement of the Crimean war. At that time the English had become—though in a far less degree than ourselves—an unwarlike nation. The British government had not had a really great war on its hands for many years—not since the capture of Napoleon—in fact the army had always been large and effective, to be sure. It was constantly gaining experience in India and China, and other far away countries. But when the scene of war was laid nearer home, and when the contest was no longer with barbarians, but with a nation so skilled in all the modern appliances of battle as the English themselves, then the British government found itself almost as inexperienced as our own does to-day. Their ministers and their subordinates entered upon duties novel to them; and for many weary months every mail steamer brought us only news of such mismanagement, such persistent and wholesale swindling, such gigantic frauds of contractors, such a succession of official blunders, as filled all minds with painful surprise, and led to believe, for awhile, that the brave old spirit—the capacity to meet and conquer any emergency—had died out in England.

Who does not remember the wretched stories of soldiers sleeping in the mud, without blankets or tents; marching with bare and bleeding feet over the frozen ground; freezing for lack of sufficient food; clothing; ill-fed, ill-dressed, ill-armed, only faint-hearted. Who does not remember that while the sick and wounded perished at Scutari for lack of medicines and bandages, immense stores were rotting "red tape bound," not seven miles away, under custody of officials who dared to deliver them only on orders "from England?" Who does not remember the "jobbing of contractors, in which some of England's great names proved to be concerned; the official routine which bound everything with that fatal "red tape," which was stronger than many chain cables; the millions paid out by the nation, for which the army received no benefit; the long series of blunders in which private rascality seemed joined with official incapacity to bring defeat and humiliation upon the British flag.

It needed a whole year of vigorous effort to set matters even moderately straight with the British army of the Crimea. It was out of this bitter experience that England and the world got the watchword, "put the right man in the right place;" and the war was nearly at an end before a stop was put to the abuses which called out this cry.

Let us have patience then. If wretched self-seekers here have looked only to fill their purses at the expense of our armies and of nation, it is a thing without precedent. Not that this makes such acts less odious; not that we are to strive less anxiously to prevent abuses. But let us not lose courage because a few men will be thieves. Let us not despair, if abuses are not cured at once. Let us not lose hope, because this new and cumbersome machinery will not run smoothly at the start. This is the drawback we pay for long enjoyment of the blessings of peace. And we may be sure that, through discontent at the slow progress of affairs, we could be brought to consent to a destruction of the Union, such as our enemies seek to force upon us, twenty years from now the machinery of war would run smoothly enough with us, and the curses of a standing army and exhausting war preparations, would weigh down our industry as it does that of the people of Europe to-day. England's appropriations for war purposes for the present year, when she is at peace with all the world, amount to over one hundred millions of dollars, and this enormous outlay is necessary only because she has an ambitious and unscrupulous neighbor. It was to prevent such evils on this continent that our wisest men took measures to acquire for the Union those territories which disappointed politicians are now striving to rob it of.

To all great national movements a certain proportion of swindlers and mis-

The War, Washington, and the Black Warriors.

To Editor of New York Tribune:

Sir: The persistent question of your correspondent, M. T. V., on Saturday, why while the South are employing slaves and Indian sharpshooters in their warfare for Slavery against the North, we may not enlist the sympathy and aid of our free colored population on the side of Freedom, is eminently suggestive. Is it right, he asks, to set aside the services of so many stout and brave fellows, because God has tinged their skin with a shade darker than our own?

In the Revolutionary War, who does not remember with what power it was argued, on the floor of the British Parliament, that it was right to use all the agencies "which God and nature had put in our power?" And, in an argument for its humanity, it was no derogation to British philanthropy to employ the services of Indian allies and refugees from slavery.

The use of which Washington himself wisely put the trusty colored men, of whom there were not a few in the armies of the Revolution, is well illustrated in a fact which I have from a Doctor of Divinity in New London, and which has never yet, I believe, in this shape been put in print. There was an important point at one of our beleaguered fortresses from which the sentinels had been taken off night after night. At length Washington himself set a colored man on guard, with the charge to be vigilant and to hail every moving thing with the challenge, "Who goes there?" three times, and then instantly fire, or his own life would probably pay the forfeit.

The showed son of Africa seriously took his post, with steady hand and watchful eye, and energy roused to its utmost tension, pacing to and fro his solitary beat till past midnight. Meanwhile, revolving the danger, he settled in his own mind the course to be taken to save his own life, to discover the enemy and render a service to Washington and his country, while he should keep within the exact letter of his instructions as a sentinel to challenge, "who goes there?" three times.

Suddenly his quick ear detected a rustle in the darkness before him, and presently his sharp eye discovered dimly something creeping on the ground. Instantly leaping his gun called out loudly, "who goes there now?" and let fly without the interval of a second. It was enough. The Indian scout was shot just as his finger was put upon his own trigger to make away with the faithful sentinel before he should have time to repeat the challenge, and the post was saved.

It was needless to say how generously Washington rewarded this dusky representative of a hostile race, in regard to which it has been left for our day to make the grand discovery and flout it to the world from our highest judicial tribune through our hoary-headed Chief-Justice, that the black man has no rights which white men are bound to respect.

Now who does not ask what should prevent our beleaguered nation, in the hour of its peril, from availing itself in this wicked Pro Slavery War, of the invaluable services of thousands of such men as this, like the late black hero Tillman of the Schooner Warring? Men sincere, wakeful, enduring, fertile in resources, strong of will, brave in heart, bristling with brown—men, pasting to serve their country, and strike effectively at slavery at one and the same time—men who, if cordially invited and enrolled under our starry standard, and led into the South, would make the most effective arm of the public service which we can possibly command.

Your correspondent, M. T. V., is at a loss to express his wonder that some good people of the North are found declaring that it is simply a question of Government or no Government; and he very naturally exclaims: "Slavery has nothing to do with it!" Perhaps a just God will long teach our people that Slavery has all to do with it. How much better that we should be taught, it now, and that we should practically act upon it before it is too late.

The Cincinnati Gazette says that, "on looking over the list of subscribers to the National Loan, it is surprising to see that none of the names of the prominent Government contractors appear in it."